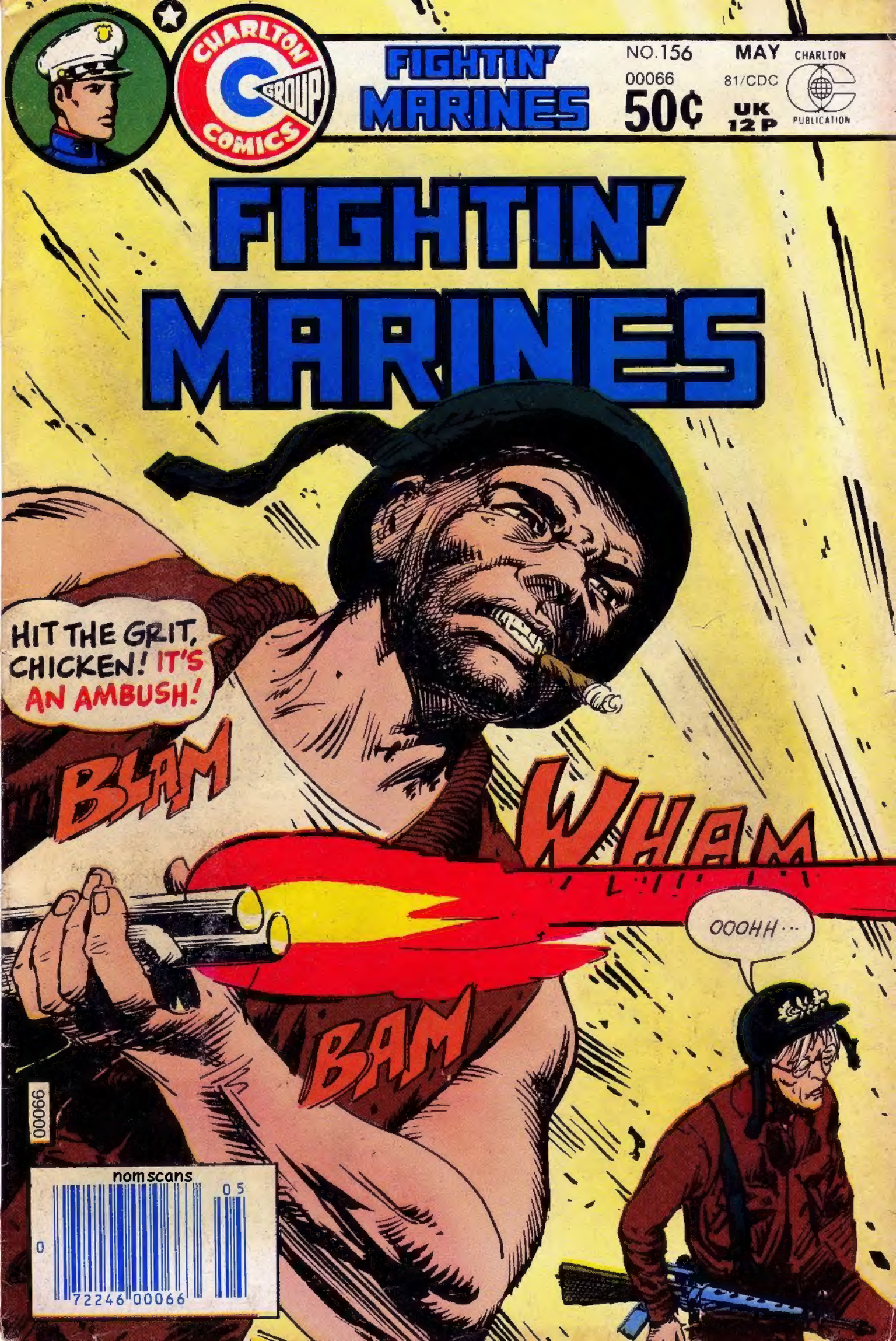
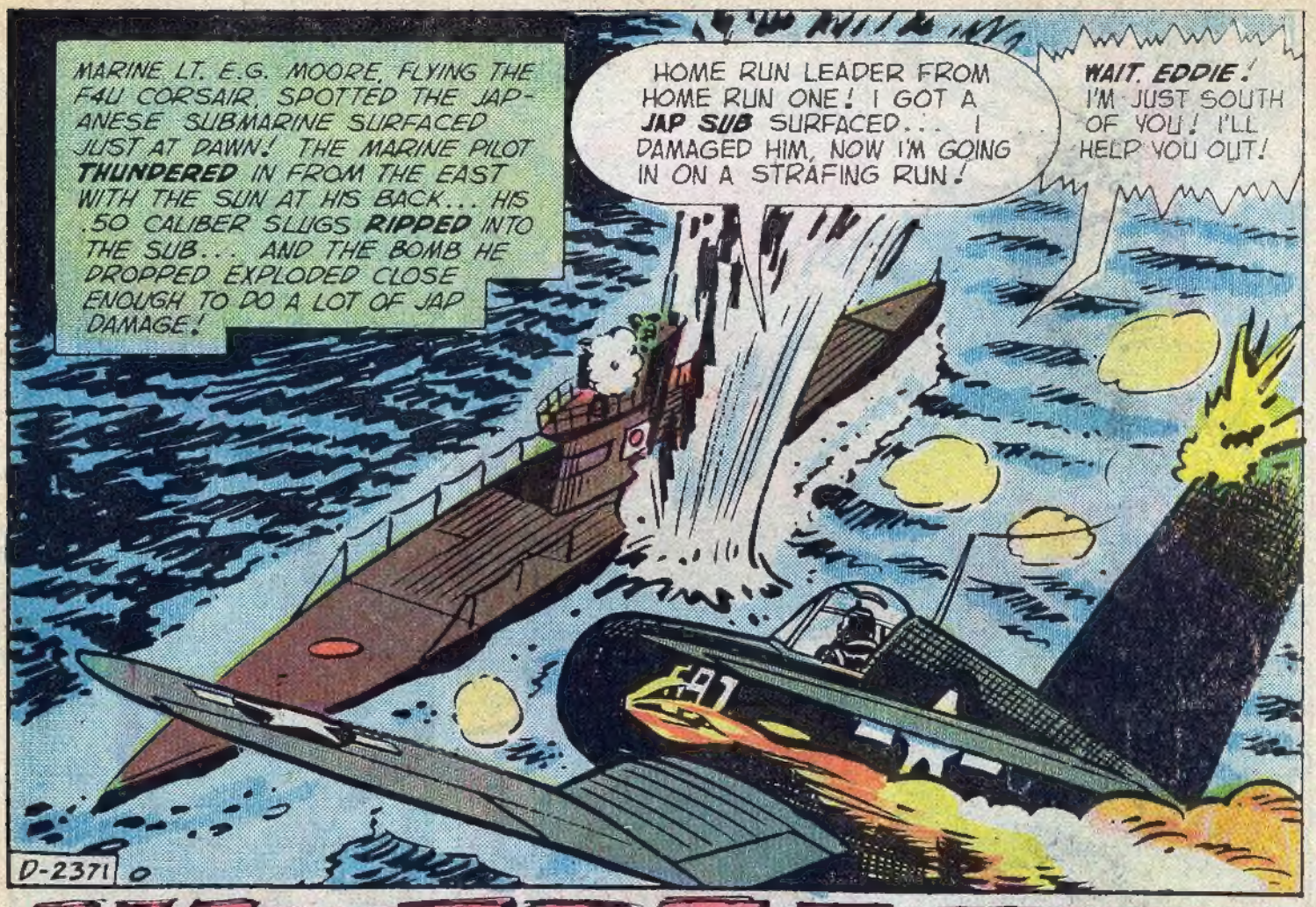
CHARLTON COMICS GROUP
FIGHTIN' MARINES
NO.156 MAY
00066 81/CDC
50¢ UK 12P
CHARLTON PUBLICATION

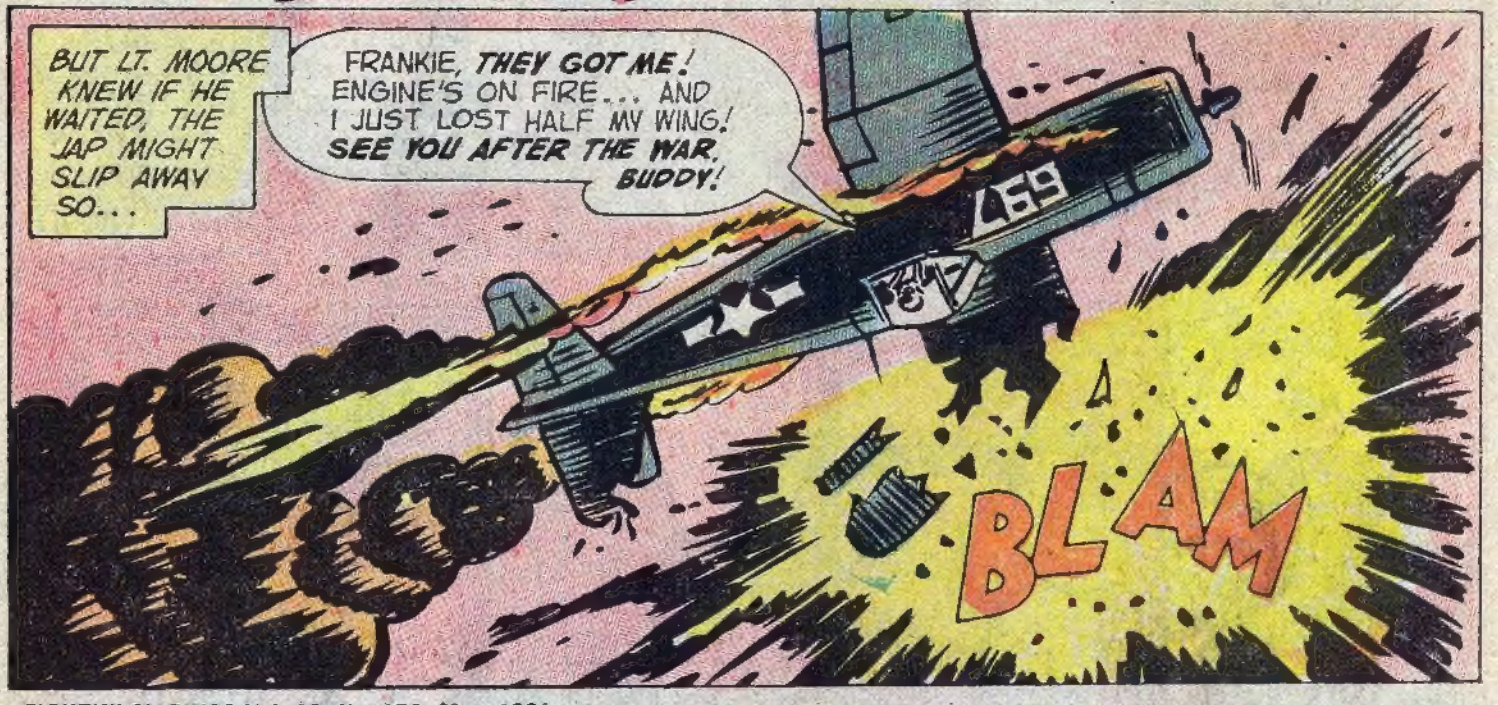
FIGHTIN' MARINES



nomscans
0 72246 00066 05


MARINE LT. E.G. MOORE, FLYING THE F4U CORSAIR, SPOTTED THE JAP-ANESE SUBMARINE SURFACED JUST AT DAWN! THE MARINE PILOT THUNDERED IN FROM THE EAST WITH THE SUN AT HIS BACK... HIS .50 CALIBER SLUGS RIPPED INTO THE SUB... AND THE BOMB HE DROPPED EXPLODED CLOSE ENOUGH TO DO A LOT OF JAP DAMAGE!
HOME RUN LEADER FROM HOME RUN ONE! I GOT A JAP SUB SURFACED... I DAMAGED HIM, NOW I'M GOING IN ON A STRAFING RUN!
WAIT, EDDIE! I'M JUST SOUTH OF YOU! I'LL HELP YOU OUT!
D-2371

WHERE IS EDDIE MOORE?

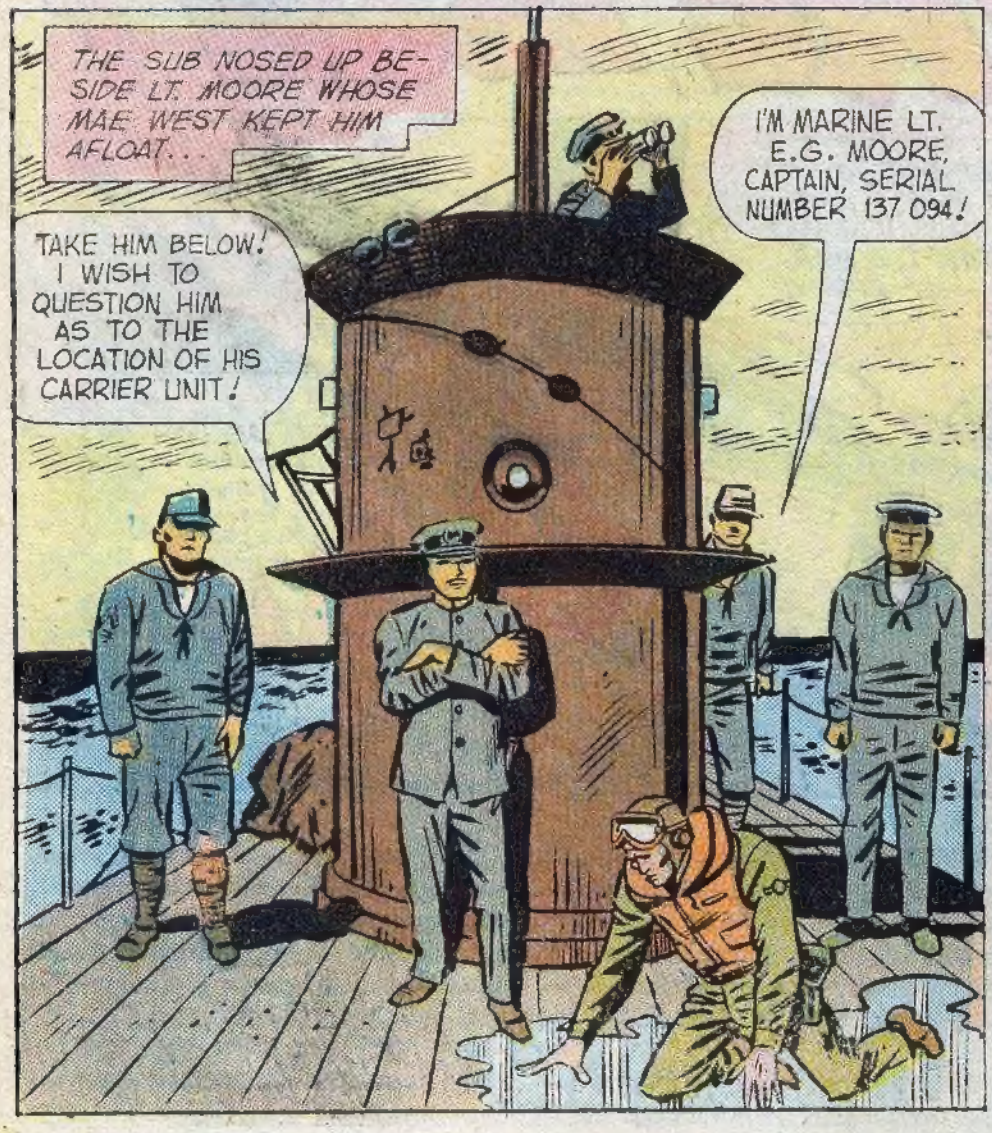

BUT LT. MOORE KNEW IF HE WAITED, THE JAP MIGHT SLIP AWAY SO...
FRANKIE, THEY GOT ME! ENGINE'S ON FIRE... AND I JUST LOST HALF MY WING! SEE YOU AFTER THE WAR, BUDDY!
BLAM

FIGHTIN' MARINES Vol. 13, No. 156, May, 1981.
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building Division St., Derby, CT 06418. John Santangelo, Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Copyright ©1981 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 50¢ per copy. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

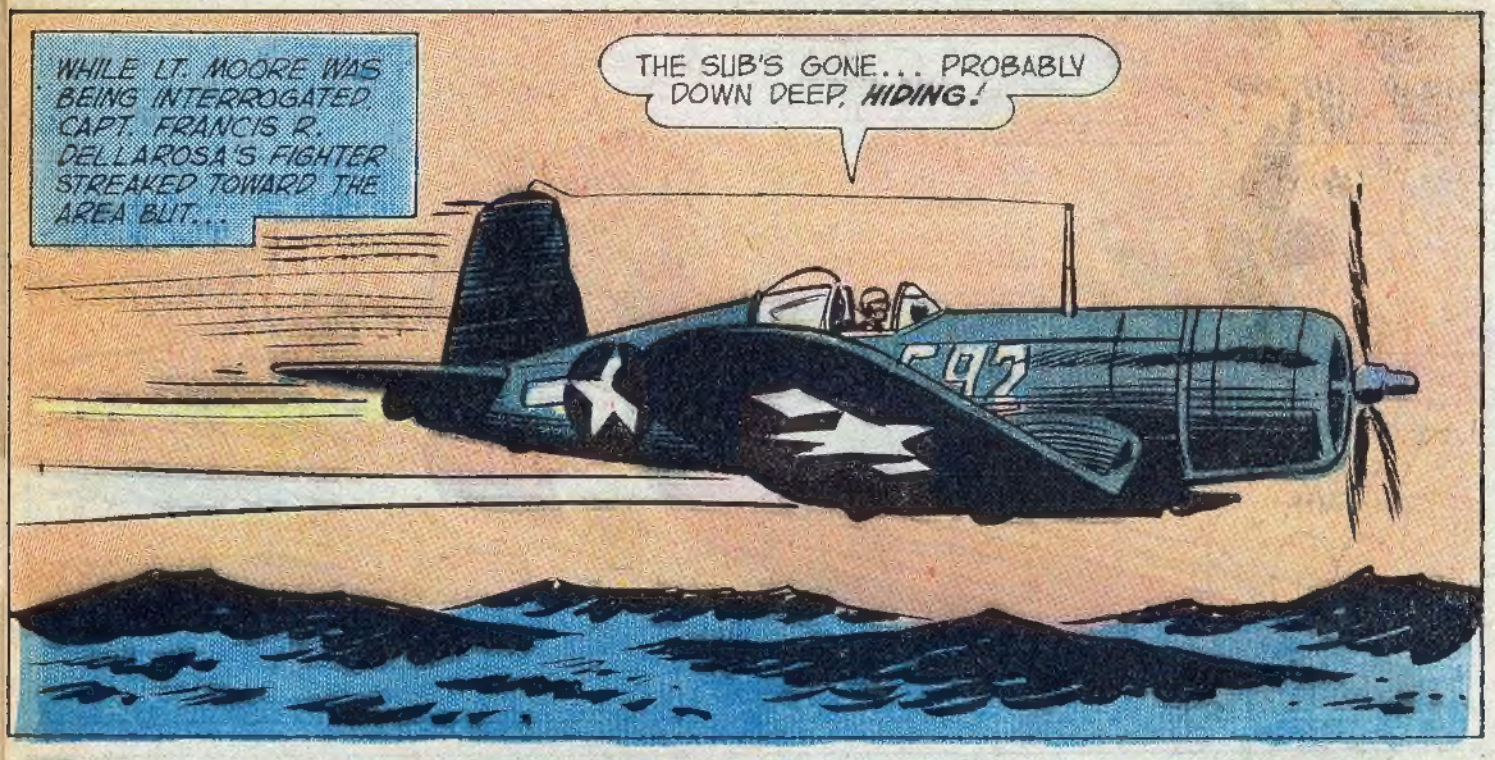
ALL EDITORIAL MATERIAL HEREIN CONTAINED WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN, AND IS REPRINTED FROM, PUBLICATIONS COPYRIGHT© 1971, 1972, BY CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

BOOOM

THERE'S AN OIL SLICK ASTERN OF THE JAP SUB... HE'S NOT GONNA GO VERY FAR WITHOUT EXTENSIVE REPAIRS!


THE SUB NOSED UP BESIDE LT. MOORE WHOSE MAE WEST KEPT HIM AFLOAT...
I'M MARINE LT. E.G. MOORE, CAPTAIN, SERIAL NUMBER 137 094!
TAKE HIM BELOW! I WISH TO QUESTION HIM AS TO THE LOCATION OF HIS CARRIER UNIT!

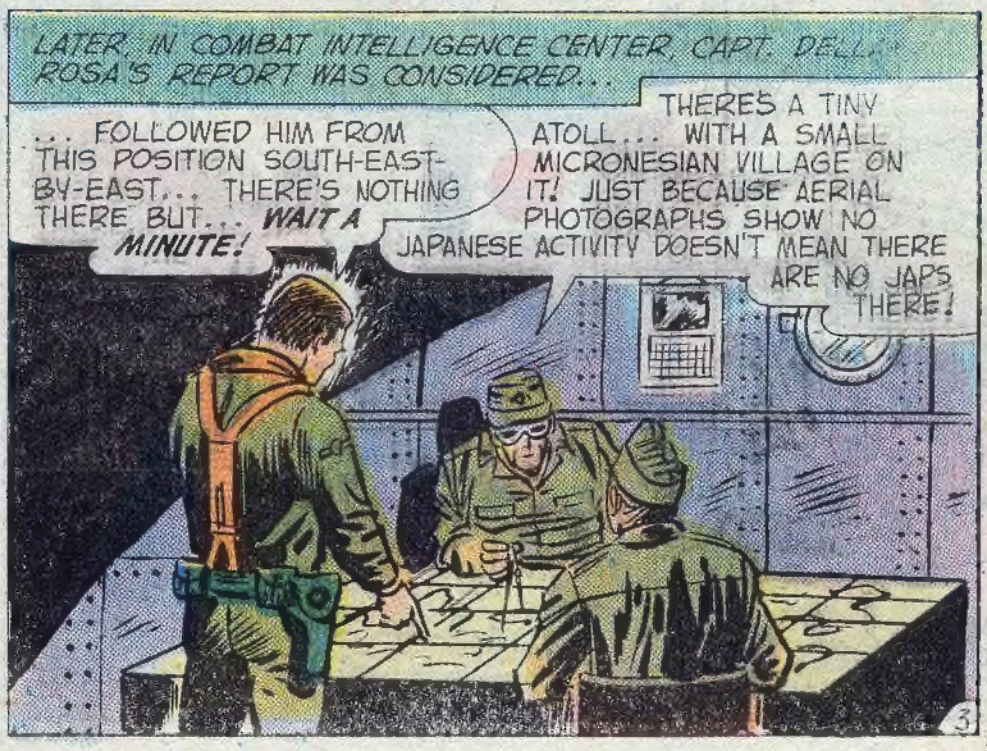
YOU WON'T GET FAR, CAPTAIN! MY BOMB BURST YOUR FUEL TANKS... YOU'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR TRUK!
YOU ARE NOT AS CLEVER AS YOU THINK, LIEUTENANT! THERE IS A CLOSER BASE THAN TRUK... ONE YOU AMERICANS DO NOT KNOW ABOUT!

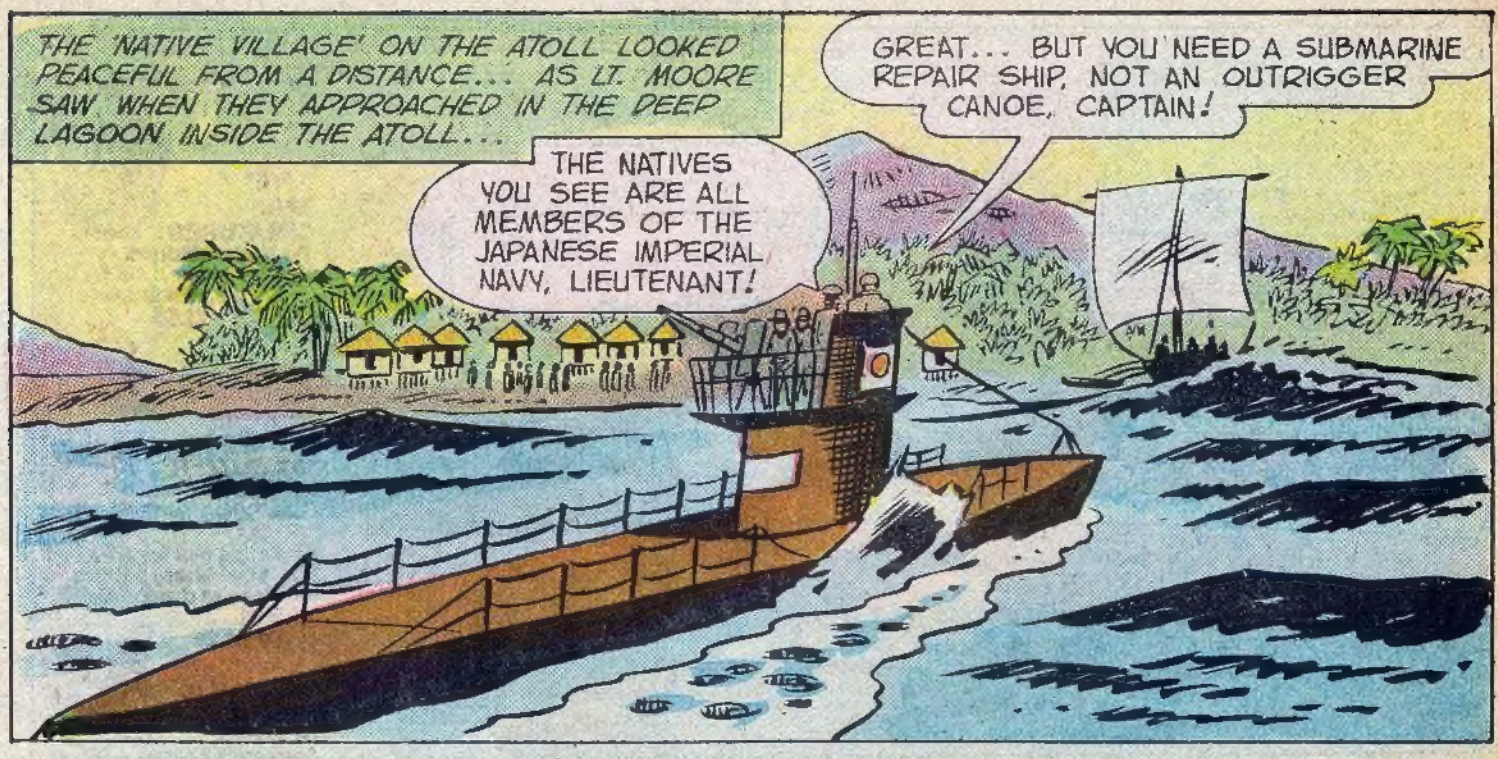

WHILE LT. MOORE WAS BEING INTERROGATED, CAPT. FRANCIS R. DELLAROSA'S FIGHTER STREAKED TOWARD THE AREA BUT...
THE SUB'S GONE... PROBABLY DOWN DEEP, HIDING!

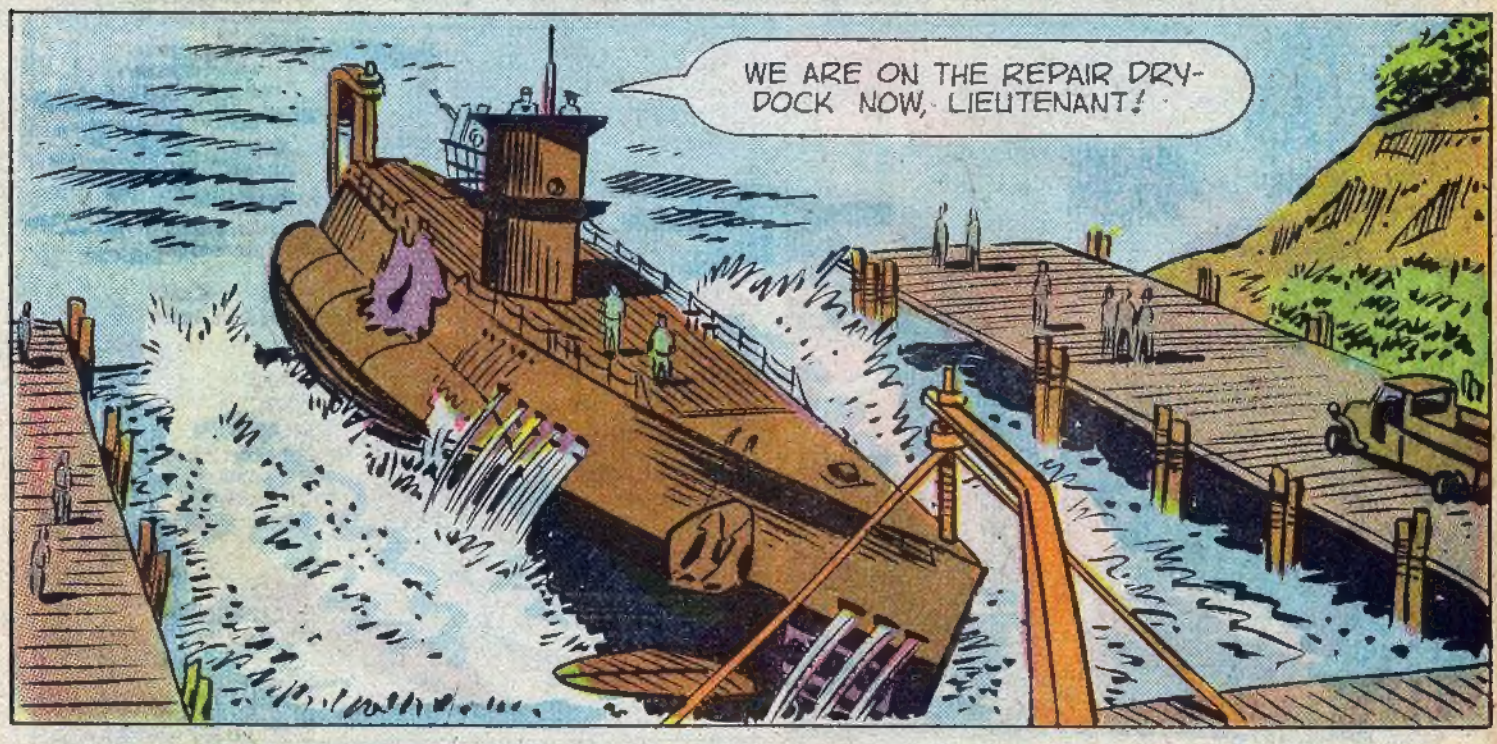
THERE'S EDDIE'S PARACHUTE! AND THERE'S AN OIL SLICK... THE JAP SUB IS BADLY DAMAGED!

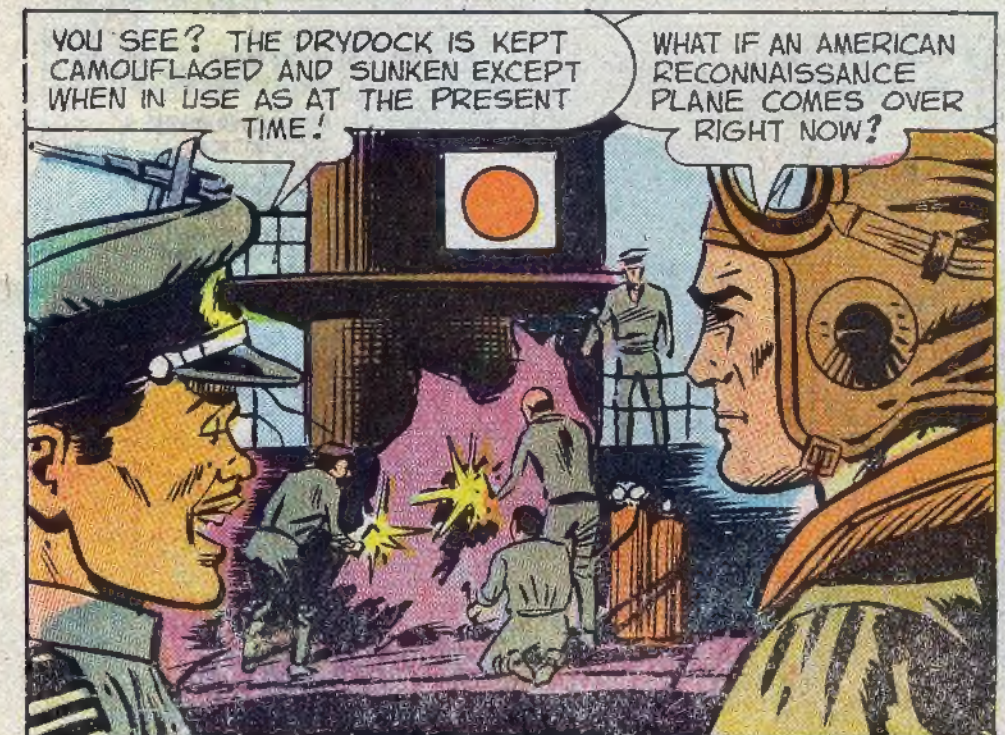
HE'S LEAVING AN OIL SLICK... HE'S ON A COURSE OF 168 DEGREES TRUE! TRUK ISN'T ON THAT COURSE...
692

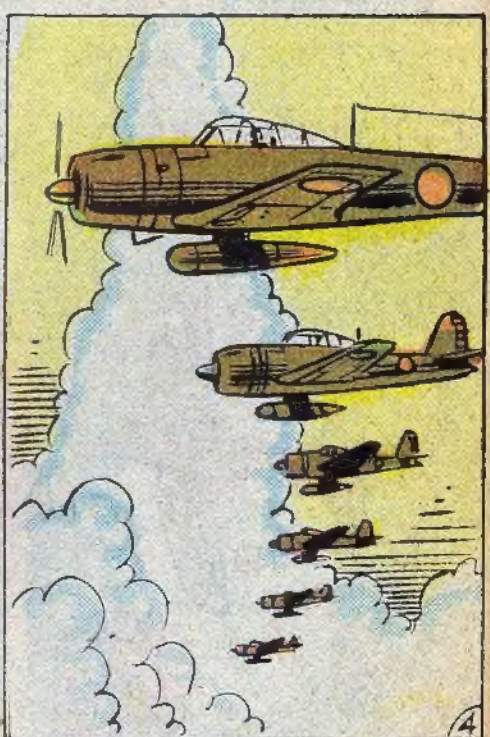
I'VE GOT ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK TO THE CARRIER! I'VE GOT TO REPORT IN TO THE INTELLIGENCE AND DEBRIEFING OFFICER!


LATER, IN COMBAT INTELLIGENCE CENTER, CAPT. DELLAROSA'S REPORT WAS CONSIDERED...
... FOLLOWED HIM FROM THIS POSITION SOUTH-EAST-BY-EAST... THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT... WAIT A MINUTE!
THERE'S A TINY ATOLL... WITH A SMALL MICRONESIAN VILLAGE ON IT! JUST BECAUSE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW NO JAPANESE ACTIVITY DOESN'T MEAN THERE ARE NO JAPS THERE!


THE 'NATIVE VILLAGE' ON THE ATOLL LOOKED PEACEFUL FROM A DISTANCE... AS LT. MOORE SAW WHEN THEY APPROACHED IN THE DEEP LAGOON INSIDE THE ATOLL...
THE NATIVES YOU SEE ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL NAVY, LIEUTENANT!
GREAT... BUT YOU NEED A SUBMARINE REPAIR SHIP, NOT AN OUTRIGGER CANOE, CAPTAIN!

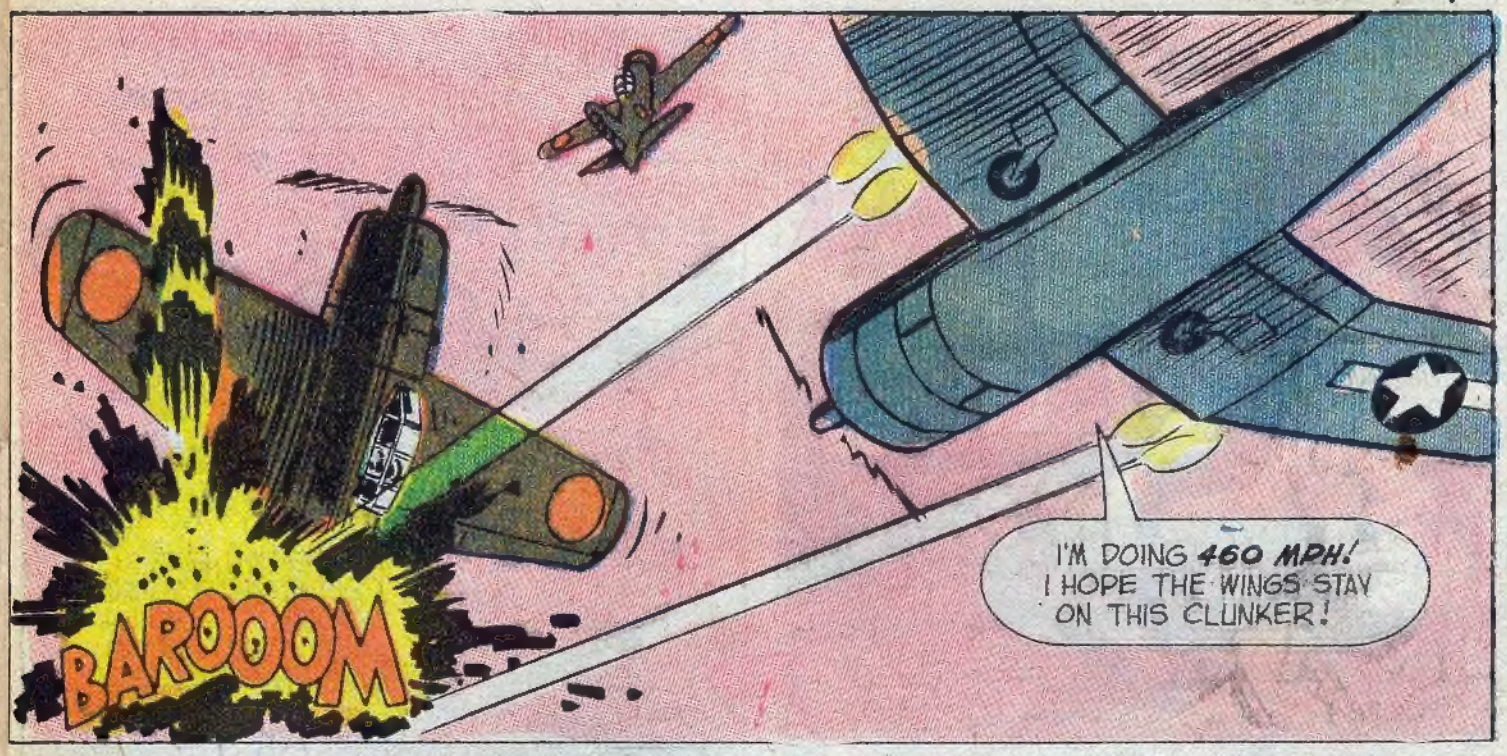



YOU SEE? THE DRYDOCK IS KEPT CAMOUFLAGED AND SUNKEN EXCEPT WHEN IN USE AS AT THE PRESENT TIME!
WHAT IF AN AMERICAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE COMES OVER RIGHT NOW?



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

ABOARD THE CARRIER, A RECONNAISSANCE MISSION OVER THE ATOLL WAS CONSIDERED, BUT THEN...
... BUT IF THERE IS A NIP INSTALLATION THERE AND IF THE SUB LT. MOORE DAMAGED IS BEING REPAIRED AT THIS MOMENT...
... THEY'LL HAVE FIGHTER COVER UP AND A REGULAR RECONNAISSANCE PLANE WOULD GET CLOBBERED!
LET ME FLY MY CORSAIR, ADMIRAL! I'D GET THERE... AND I'D GET BACK!
20 MINUTES LATER...
HANG IN THERE, EDDIE MOORE... WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE!
I'M OVER THE ATOLL, RINGMASTER... I'M GOING STRAIGHT DOWN FOR A QUICK LOOK! FIGHTERS OVER THE ATOLL!
BRRRRT
BRRRRT
692
VVVROOOM
15


BAROOOM
I'M DOING 460 MPH! I HOPE THE WINGS STAY ON THIS CLUNKER!

NOBODY FLIES A CORSAIR LIKE THAT EXCEPT FRANKIE DEE!

GO TELL 'EM WHAT THE JAPS HAVE HERE, FRANKIE! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

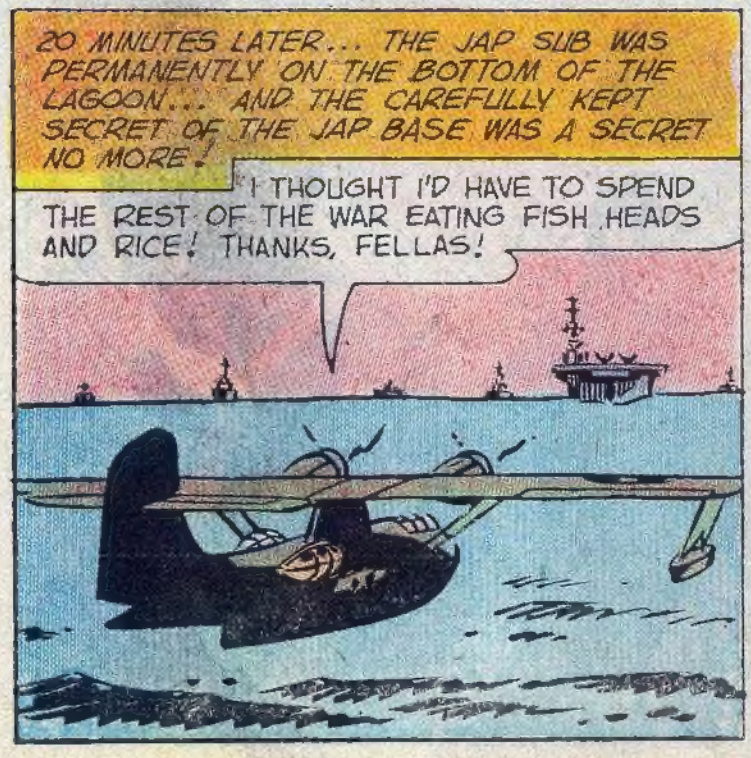
YOU FOOL! IF THEY BOMB THIS ATOLL, YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE!
IF THEY BOMB THIS ATOLL...

... I WON'T EVEN BE AROUND!

CRACK

THE ATOLL WAS HIT 40 MINUTES LATER! TORPEDO BOMBERS, DIVE BOMBERS, FIGHTER PLANES... THEY **PLASTERED** THE ATOLL!
KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR EDDIE MOORE... AMBLIN' ANNIE'S WAITIN' TO MAKE THE PICK-UP!

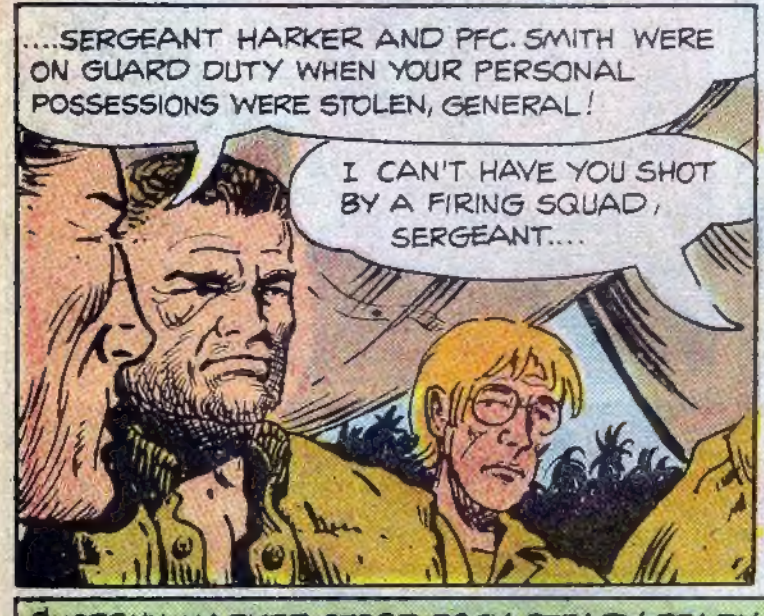
THERE'S EDDIE MOORE! HE'LL START SWIMMING OUT TO US... PUT HER DOWN!


20 MINUTES LATER... THE JAP SUB WAS PERMANENTLY ON THE BOTTOM OF THE LAGOON... AND THE CAREFULLY KEPT SECRET OF THE JAP BASE WAS A SECRET NO MORE!
I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR EATING FISH HEADS AND RICE! THANKS, FELLAS!

YOU SURE GOT THINGS ORGANIZED IN A HURRY, FRANKIE! THANKS A LOT!
I WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED, SHIPMATE... BUT YOU OWE ME $65 AND I WASN'T ABOUT TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THAT!
END

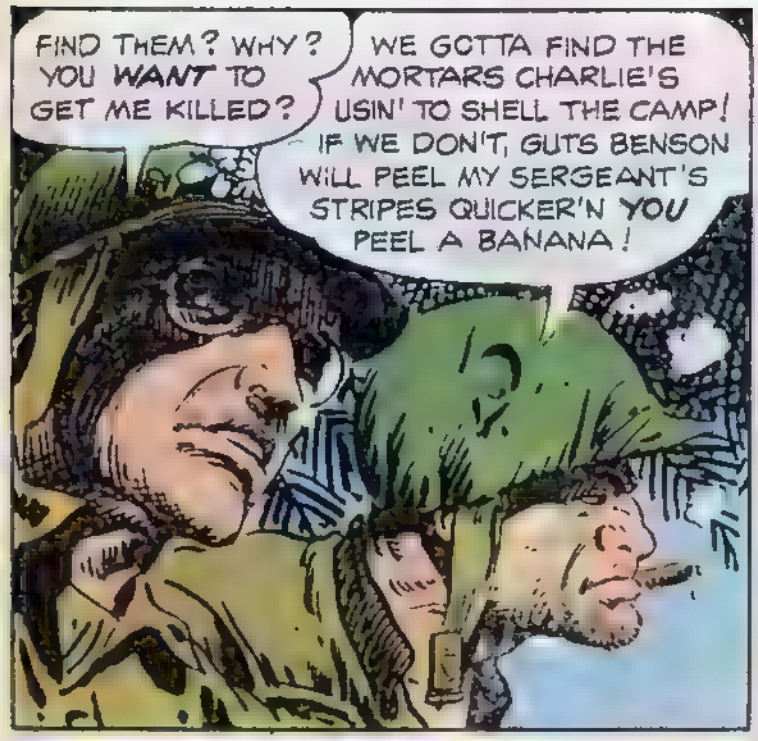
VERDICT- GUILTY AS CHARGED!

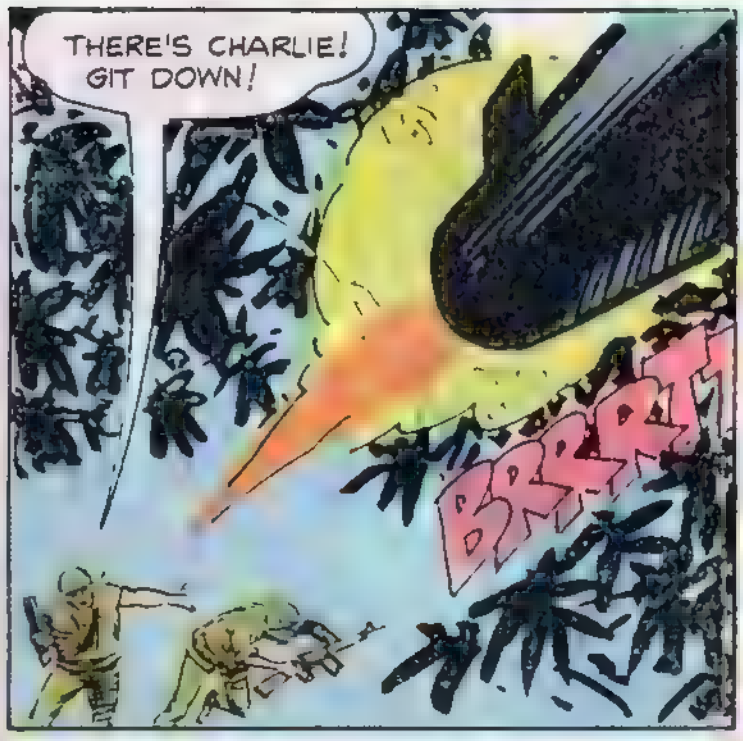
MARINE GENERAL GUTS BENSON WAS MAD ENOUGH TO CHEW HAND GRENADES AND THE OBJECTS OF HIS WRATH, SGT. "SHOTGUN" HARKER AND PFC "CHICKEN" SMITH KNEW THEY WERE DOOMED!

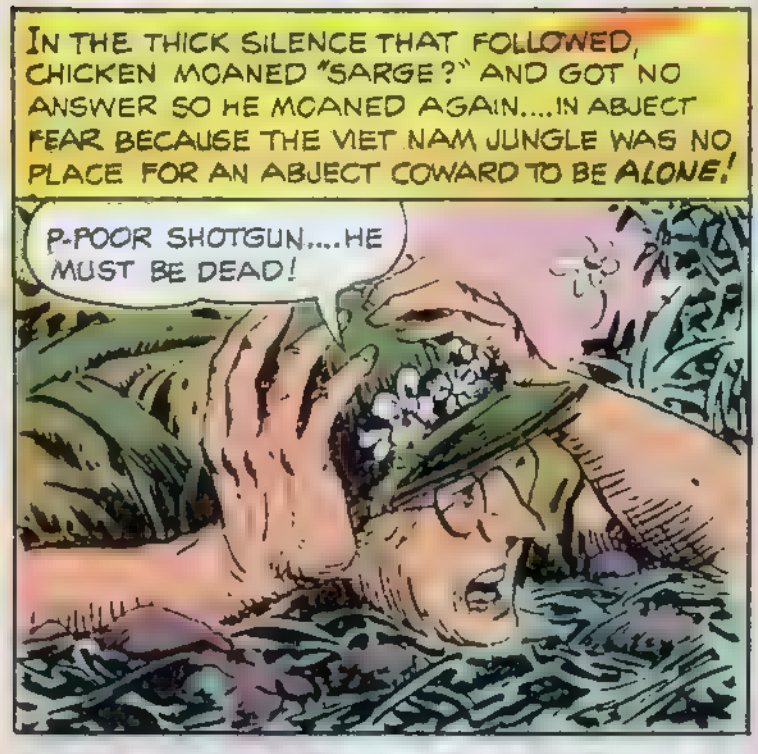

....SERGEANT HARKER AND PFC. SMITH WERE ON GUARD DUTY WHEN YOUR PERSONAL POSSESSIONS WERE STOLEN, GENERAL!
I CAN'T HAVE YOU SHOT BY A FIRING SQUAD, SERGEANT....

SHOTGUN HARKER STOOD ROCK-STEADY, READY TO TAKE THE WORST....BUT CHICKEN SMITH WAS PALE AND SHAKY, PRAYING FOR SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO TURN GUTS BENSON'S WRATH! HIS PRAYER WAS ANSWERED...BUT CHICKEN SMITH DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH.

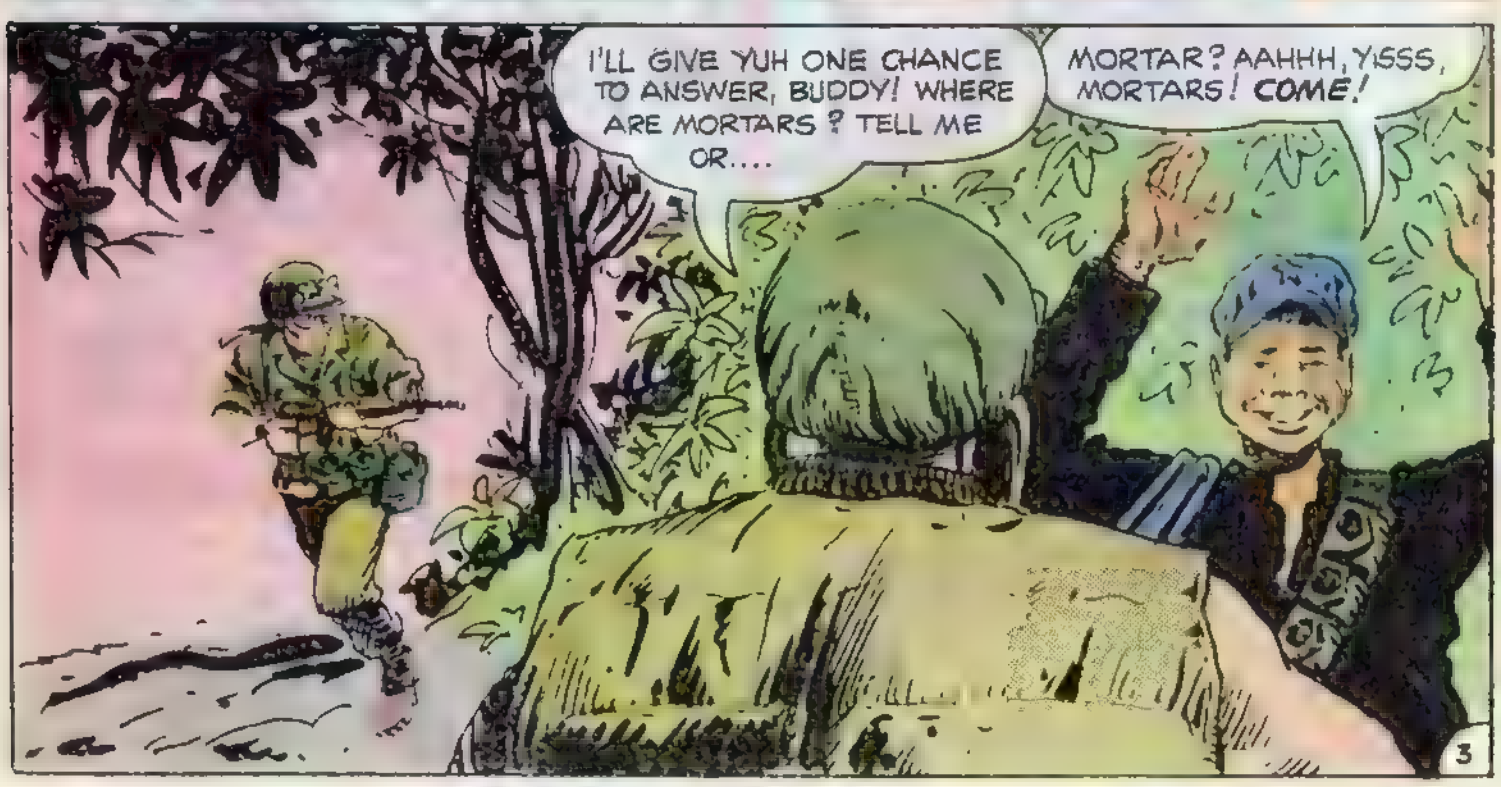
WE CAN'T RUN, SHOTGUN! WE'RE UNDER ARREST!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, TREMBLECHIN!
GENERAL PERKSON H.Q.
WUP
ALERT THE PERIMETER GUARDS! TWO ESCAPED PRISONERS!
I REFUSE TO TAKE ANOTHER STEP!
MOVE IT!
WHUMP
THE GENERAL WANTS SHOTGUN HARKER AND THAT TIMID SOUL CALLED CHICKEN SMITH!
THE V.C.'S ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE, SARGE!
I KNOW....AN' WE GOTTA FIND 'EM IN A HURRY!
2


FIND THEM? WHY? YOU *WANT* TO GET ME KILLED?
WE GOTTA FIND THE MORTARS CHARLIE'S USIN' TO SHELL THE CAMP! IF WE DON'T, GUTS BENSON WILL PEEL MY SERGEANT'S STRIPES QUICKER'N *YOU* PEEL A BANANA!


THERE'S CHARLIE! GIT DOWN!
BR-R-R-T!


IN THE THICK SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED, CHICKEN MOANED "SARGE?" AND GOT NO ANSWER SO HE MOANED AGAIN....IN ABJECT FEAR BECAUSE THE VIET NAM JUNGLE WAS NO PLACE FOR AN ABJECT COWARD TO BE *ALONE!*
P-POOR SHOTGUN....HE MUST BE DEAD!

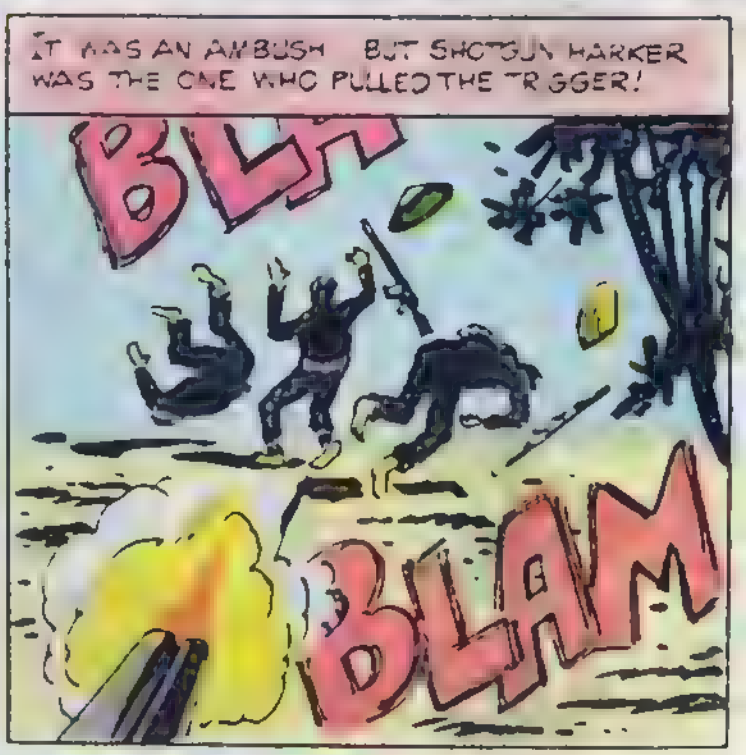
ONE SQUEAK OUTA YUH AN YUH GET *BOTH BARRELS* OF THIS CANNON! SAVVEE?
ME SAVVEE! NO SHOOT!


I'LL GIVE YUH ONE CHANCE TO ANSWER, BUDDY! WHERE ARE MORTARS? TELL ME OR....
MORTAR? AAHHH, YISSS, MORTARS! *COME!*

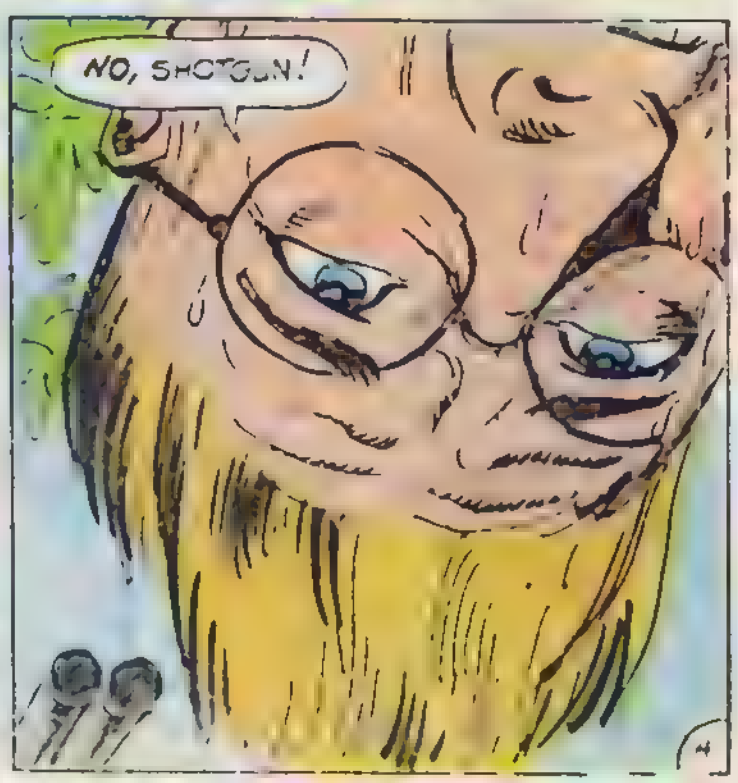
YOU ESCORT HIM, CHICKEN! I GOT AN IDEA....I'LL BE CLOSE BY!
YOUR IDEAS ALWAYS GET ME IN TROUBLE, SHOTGUN!

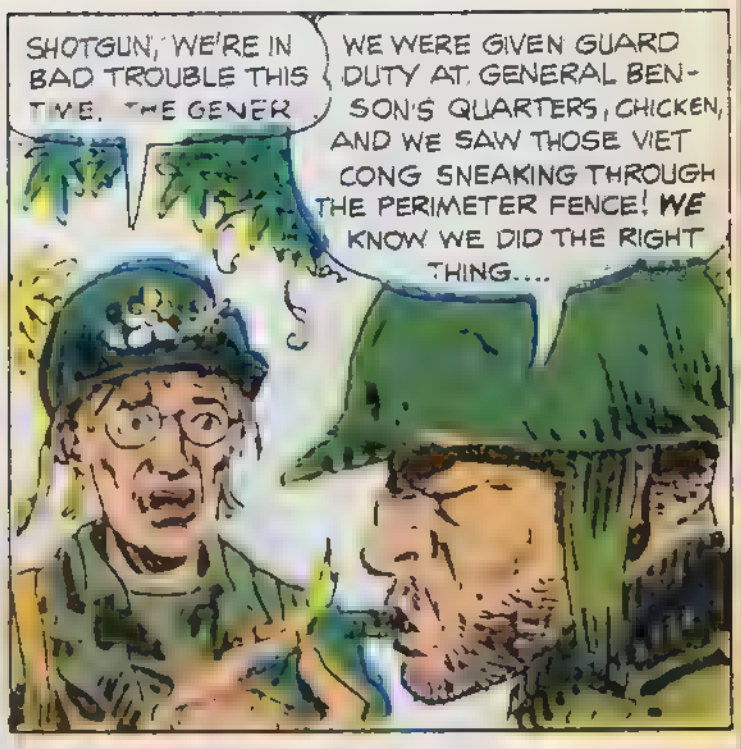
THIS VIET CONG WALKED THE TRAIL....HE KNEW WHERE HE WAS GOING!
DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, CHARLIE!

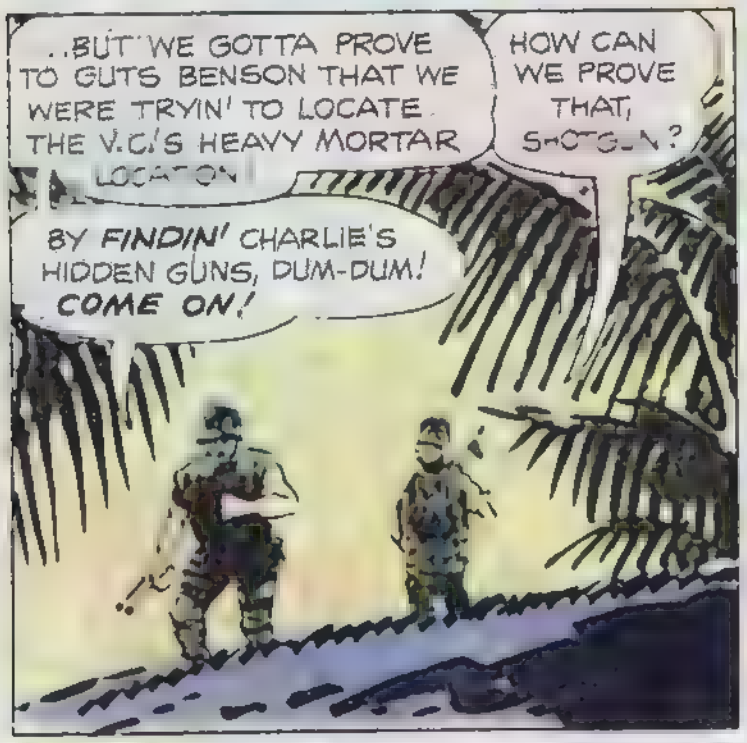
YEEEAAAGGHH! SHOTGUN, THEY GOT ME!
SWOOOSH


IT WAS AN AMBUSH BUT SHOTGUN HARKER WAS THE ONE WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER!
BLA-
BLAM

GET ME DOWN, SHOTGUN!
I'LL PUT YA OUTA YER MISERY, CHICKEN!


NO, SHOTGUN!


SHOTGUN, WE'RE IN BAD TROUBLE THIS TIME. THE GENER
WE WERE GIVEN GUARD DUTY AT GENERAL BENSON'S QUARTERS, CHICKEN, AND WE SAW THOSE VIET CONG SNEAKING THROUGH THE PERIMETER FENCE! WE KNOW WE DID THE RIGHT THING....


..BUT WE GOTTA PROVE TO GUTS BENSON THAT WE WERE TRYIN' TO LOCATE THE V.C.'S HEAVY MORTAR LOCATION
HOW CAN WE PROVE THAT, SHOTGUN?
BY FINDIN' CHARLIE'S HIDDEN GUNS, DUM-DUM! COME ON!

LESS THAN A MILE FROM GENERAL GUTS BENSON'S HEADQUARTERS THE VIET CONG HAD SET UP THEIR EARTH-SHAKING MORTAR BATTERY.
LOAD THE MORTARS. WE WILL FIRE TWELVE ROUNDS THIS TIME!

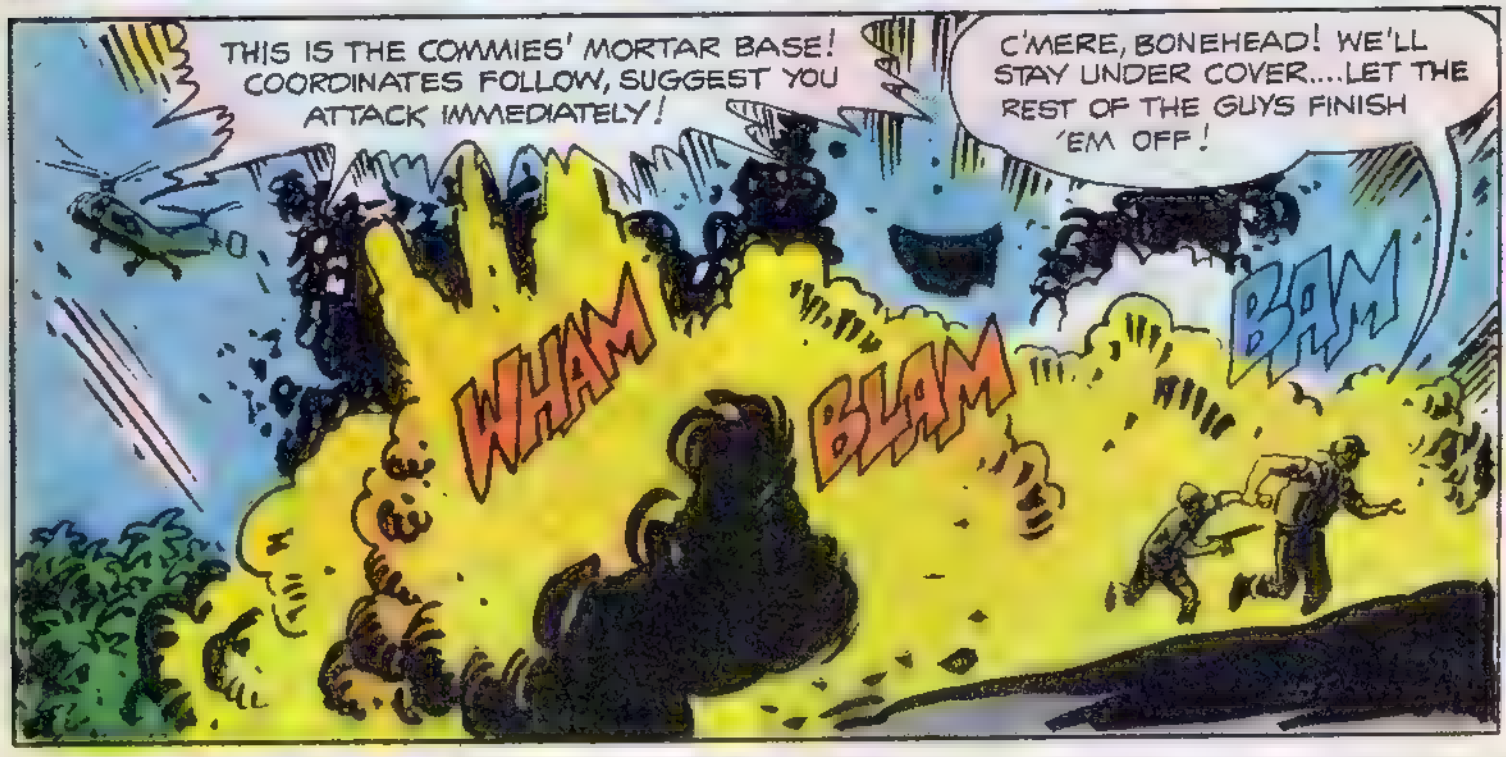
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IT TOOK JUST A FEW SECONDS FOR CHARLIE TO FIRE EIGHT BIG MORTAR SHELLS....THEY RAISED HOB IN THE MARINE BASE CAMP!
CHUUNGG
WUP
HIT THE DITCH....THE COMMIES ARE AT IT AGAIN!
I'LL GIVE TEN DAYS REST AND RECUPERATION LEAVE TO THE MAN WHO FINDS THOSE BLANKETY-BLANK COMMIE MORTARS!
WUP
TH-THIS IS C-CRAZY, SHOTGUN! WE....
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, DUMMY....CHARLIE WILL HEAR YER TEETH CHATTERIN'!
A VIET CONG SENTRY STATIONED ALONG THE TRAIL SPOTTED THEM! HE QUICKLY ARMED A GRENADE AND TOSSED IT RIGHT AT....
HIT THE GRIT, CHICKEN!
GOTTA GET A HIT!
WAK

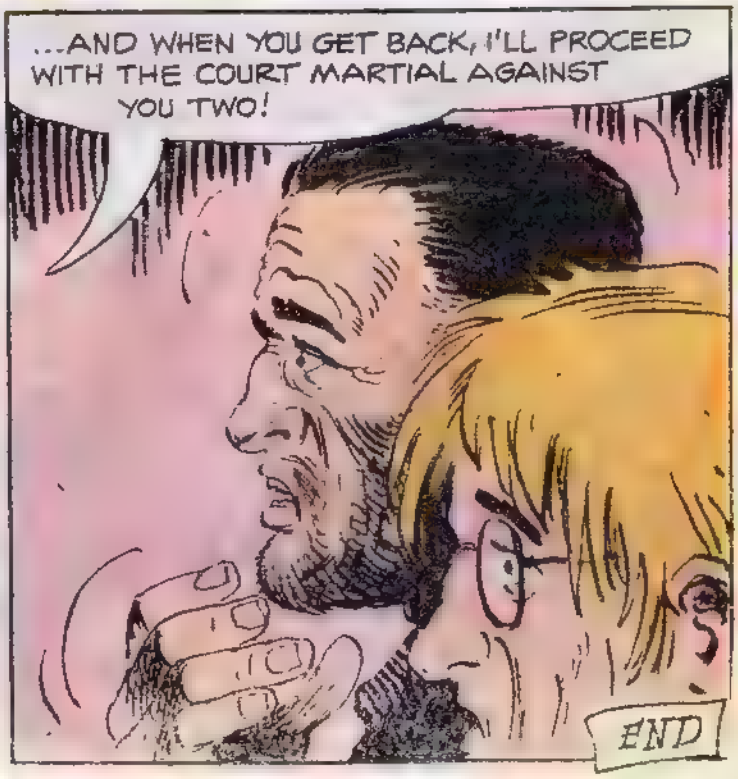
HOME RUN!
?
LOOK AT IT TRAVEL!
THE GRENADE CARRIED ABOUT 200 FEET OVER THE TREE TOPS AND DROPPED ON.... CHARLIE'S HIDDEN MORTAR SITE!
WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! COMMENCE FIRING ALL WEAPONS!
BLAM
SHOTGUN HARKER FOUND THE CLEARING AND STARTED PUMPING 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN SHELLS AT THE ENEMY....BUT CHICKEN SMITH, FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED, RAN AIMLESSLY....INTO ENEMY HANDS!
GOT TO GET AW....UNGH!
A COMMIE!
I KILL!
BAM BAM

THE MORTAR CREW WAS JUST ABOUT TO FIRE WHEN CHICKEN SMITH BUMPED INTO THE V.C.....AND HE REACTED WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
YEEEE!!!!!!

CHICKEN KNOCKED THE MORTAR OVER....IT'S FIRIN' INTO THE V.C. POSITION!
CHUNNNGG


THIS IS THE COMMIES' MORTAR BASE! COORDINATES FOLLOW, SUGGEST YOU ATTACK IMMEDIATELY!
C'MERE, BONEHEAD! WE'LL STAY UNDER COVER....LET THE REST OF THE GUYS FINISH 'EM OFF!
WHAM
BLAM
BAM

LATER....
HERE ARE HARKER AND SMITH, GENERAL BENSON! THEY LOCATED THE ENEMY MORTAR BASE AND NEUTRALIZED IT FOR US!
I KNOW, CAPTAIN....I REMEMBER MY PROMISE! HARKER...YOU TWO GET TEN DAYS LEAVE STARTING RIGHT NOW!


...AND WHEN YOU GET BACK, I'LL PROCEED WITH THE COURT MARTIAL AGAINST YOU TWO!
END

SHOTGUN HARKER VS THE
Hanoi
HACKOFF
HEADING FOR THE CHOPPER PAD, SGT. "SHOTGUN" HARKER AND HIS RELUCTANT COMRADE-IN-ARMS, CHICKEN SMITH, FIND THE VIET CONG TERRORISTS THAT THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! OR...THE TERRORISTS FIND THEM, MIGHT BE A MORE ACCURATE WAY OF TELLING IT!
D-1138
HIT THE GRIT, CHICKEN! IT'S AN AMBUSH!
BAM
WHAM
BAM
OOOHH···

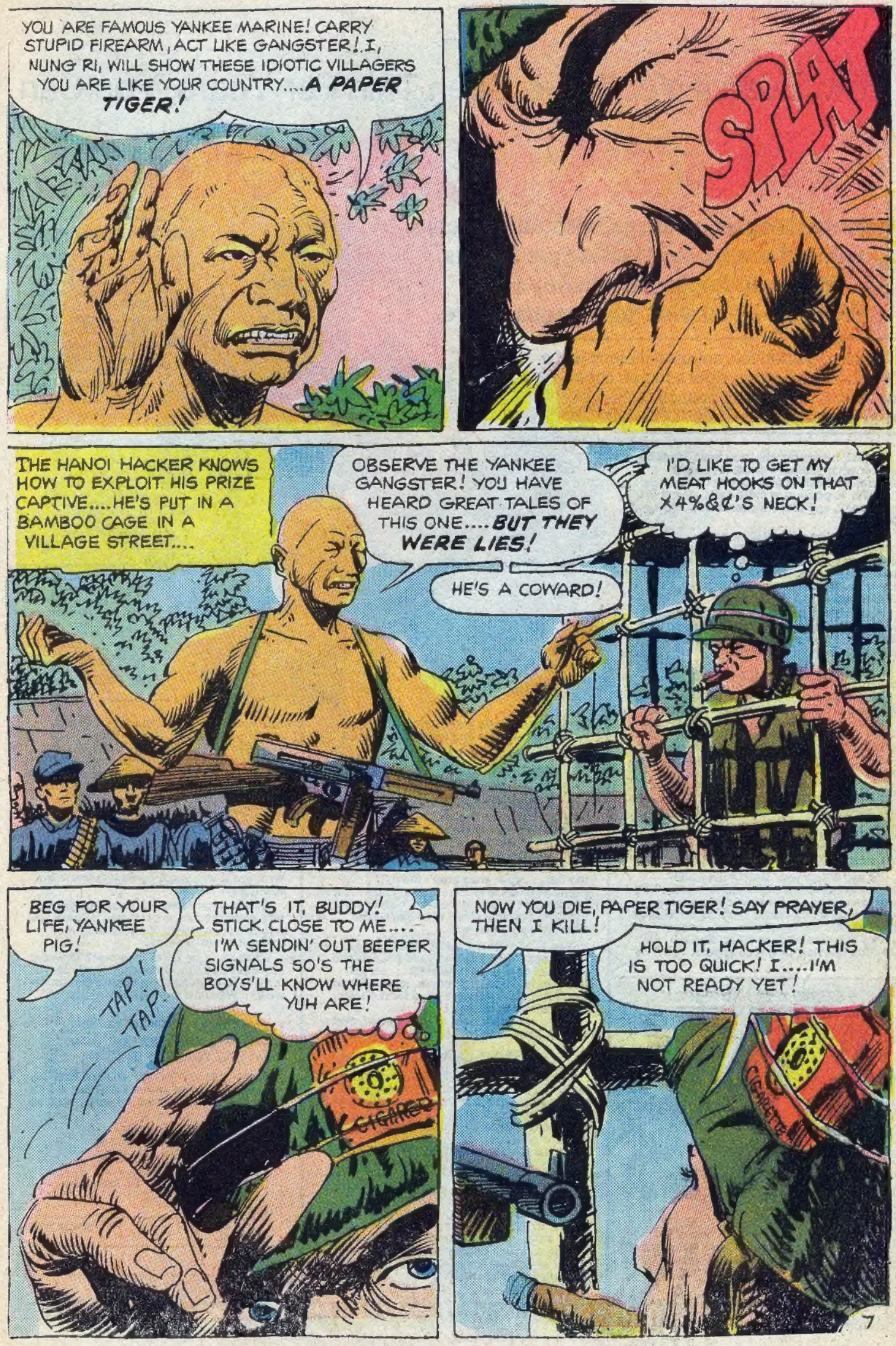
THEY GOT POOR CHICKEN..... NOW THEY'RE GONNA ZAP ME!
THEY THINK!
THE POOR HARMLESS SLOB.... IT'S ALL MY FAULT HE GOT ZAPPED!
BLAM
WONDER WHERE HE GOT HIT?

FUNNY....I CAN'T FIND ANY WOUNDS?
ARE THEY GONE?
A-AIN'T YOU DEAD?
WHAT HAPPENED, CHICKEN? DID A GRENADE FRAGMENT GRAZE YOU?
I...I DON'T THINK SO! I GUESS I JUST....FAINTED!
I'M GONNA SLUG YA, BUDDY, LIKE YA NEVER BEEN...
NOT HERE, SHOTGUN!
....WAIT'LL WE GET BACK WHERE THE MEDICS ARE!
DON'T WORRY, BUDDY! I'LL CARRY YUH THERE WHEN I'M FINISHED!
3

LATER AT THE MARINE BASE....
NOW, I GOTCHA! THERE AIN'T NO OFFICERS AROUND TO SAVE YA HERE!
YOU CAN'T HIT ME, SHOTGUN!
U.S. ARMY
?
....YEAH? WHY NOT?
I GOT A LETTER FROM MY MOTHER! SHE SENDS YOU HER LOVE AND SHE SAYS....
....I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF MY LITTLE BOY!
DID SHE SAY THAT?
GEE, YER OLD LADY IS A REAL SWEET GAL, CHICKEN!
SO, "TAKING CARE OF CHICKEN," LATER THAT DAY, SHOTGUN HARKER SEZ....
COLONEL, YA ASKED FOR TWO VOLUNTEERS! ME AN' CHICKEN ARE THEM!
WAIT, COLONEL, I.....
I WAS RELYING ON YOU AND CPL. SMITH, SERGEANT HARKER! NOW, THIS IS THE PROBLEM....
NUU KEY
SAYVILLE

SO....
THE HANOI HACKER!
YOU MEAN YOU DELIBERATELY WANT US TO GET TRAPPED BY THE HANOI HACKER?
THIS JOKER'S GOTTA BE STOPPED, CHICKEN! THE COLONEL THINKS WE CAN DO THE JOB!
HERE'S THE LAST PLACE THE HANOI HACKER HIT, CHICKEN!
WHERE.... WHERE ARE THEY ALL, SARGE?
DEAD OR HIDING IN THE JUNGLE, BUDDY!
HEY! THIS AIN'T BROADWAY, SHOTGUN! THERE ARE CHARLIES HANGIN' AROUND!

NOW, THIS IS THE HANOI HACKER! NUNG RI, A NORTH VIET NAMESE TERRORIST WHO ORGANIZES VIET CONG INTO 'STRIKE GROUPS'! HE'S BAD NEWS.....
THIS IS THE HANOI HACKER'S TURF, CHICKEN! WE'RE PROB'LY BEIN' EYEBALLED RIGHT NOW! THE HACKER'S GONNA BUST US ANY MINUTE!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA LET THE HANOI HACKER MURDER US?
NOT ME HE WON'T, HARKER! G'BYE!
CHICKEN, WE GOT A PLAN!
ZIP
SUDDENLY, SHOTGUN HARKER KNOWS HE ISN'T ALONE..
DO NOT MOVE, YANKEE GANGSTER!
DON'T WORRY, BUD! I'M PARALYZED!


YOU ARE FAMOUS YANKEE MARINE! CARRY STUPID FIREARM, ACT LIKE GANGSTER! I, NUNG RI, WILL SHOW THESE IDIOTIC VILLAGERS YOU ARE LIKE YOUR COUNTRY....A PAPER TIGER!
SPLAT
THE HANOI HACKER KNOWS HOW TO EXPLOIT HIS PRIZE CAPTIVE....HE'S PUT IN A BAMBOO CAGE IN A VILLAGE STREET....
OBSERVE THE YANKEE GANGSTER! YOU HAVE HEARD GREAT TALES OF THIS ONE....BUT THEY WERE LIES!
I'D LIKE TO GET MY MEAT HOOKS ON THAT X4%&¢'S NECK!
HE'S A COWARD!
BEG FOR YOUR LIFE, YANKEE PIG!
THAT'S IT, BUDDY! STICK CLOSE TO ME.... I'M SENDIN' OUT BEEPER SIGNALS SO'S THE BOYS'LL KNOW WHERE YUH ARE!
TAP! TAP!
NOW YOU DIE, PAPER TIGER! SAY PRAYER, THEN I KILL!
HOLD IT, HACKER! THIS IS TOO QUICK! I....I'M NOT READY YET!

MEANWHILE, CHICKEN SMITH, ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICED SKULKERS IN THE MARINE CORPS, WAS SKULKING NEARBY....WATCHING....
H-HE'S GONNA SHOOT SHOTGUN!
IT'S SHOTGUN'S OWN FAULT...HE ASKED FOR THIS... ...HE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!
I CAN'T HELP HIM! I'M CHICKEN SMITH.... THEY'D DIE LAUGHIN' IF I QUIVERED OUT THERE TO FACE THE HANOI HACKER! THEY'D FALL DOWN LAUGHIN'....
I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AS SCARED AS I FEEL!
THEY PLAY BIG ROLES....I CAN DO THE SAME THING!
JUST AS THE MASTER OF TERROR FROM HANOI IS ABOUT TO FINISH OFF SHOTGUN HARKER, THE VILLAGERS BEGAN TO MUTTER, THEN CALL OUT....SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!
YOU...HANOI HACKER.. ..I'M CHALLENGIN' YOU!
THIS IS JOKE! YOU HAVE TIME FOR ONE LAUGH THEN YOU GET ZAP!
8

RUN FOR IT, CHICKEN! YUH TRIED... NOW GIT OUT OF HERE!
TOO LATE! I'M GOING TO KILL THIS INSANE YANKEE PIG!
NOT BEFORE I TOSS THIS CHERRY BOMB DOWN YER THROAT!
HE BLEW IT! THE ONLY CHANCE HE HAD AND HE BLEW IT! NOW, HACKER WILL CUT HIM IN HALF!
HA! HA!
OOPS!
HOLY HANNAH, WHAT'RE THEY PUTTIN' IN HAND GRENADES NOW?
BLAM!
PHANTOM JETS RAIDIN' THE VILLAGE, SHOTGUN! HOW'D THEY KNOW?
TELL YUH LATER! WE GOTTA GET THE LEAD OUT! COME ON!!
WHAM
BLAM
LATER, AT BASE CAMP...
ANOTHER LETTER FROM YER MOTHER, CHICKEN?
YEAH....SHE SAYS SHE'LL NEVER WORRY ABOUT ME IN VIET NAM AS LONG AS I HAVE SOMEONE LIKE YOU LOOKIN' AFTER ME!
WOTTA LAUGH!
The End